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THE LOST PEARL.

Those who had in 1830 arrived at an age when men usually exercise the faculty of observation, cannot fail to remember "the three glorious days" of that year, which unseated the representative of the long and direct line of the House of Bourbon from the throne of France, placing in his stead, and we now verily believe contrary to his inclinations, that talented man, on whose existence now depends the remnant of constitutional freedom which the change alluded to, and its concomitants, have left to a people who, notwithstanding all they have suffered from revolutionary violence, appear to value each the imaginary enjoyment of his own individual ideas of freedom more than the reality of that blessing in a rational and practical form. Those, too, who remember the events referred to will be able to call to mind the interest they excited in the public mind in England; and so great was then the desire to visit Paris, the stage on which these revolutionary scenes had been so recently enacted, and to see the individuals who, from various motives, had represented the different characters in the sanguinary drama, that thousands of our countrymen, ourselves among the number, found their way across the channel with these objects in view. What we could trace as the result—but stop. As we wish to carry all parties in good humor along with us, it would perhaps be injudicious to obtrude our political sentiments at present; and therefore, having brought our reader thus far on our way, and explained to him the why and the wherefore, we shall "to our mutton," instead of lengthening our preamble until we shorten his patience.

Our intention on leaving England was to have remained a fortnight or three weeks in the French capital; but we had taken with us one or two introductions, and such were the fascinations of the *coterie* into which they brought us, that week after week slipped so agreeably, almost imperceptibly, away, that we were content to remain where we were till the beginning of April following. Strange to say that the winter of that year and the following spring were remarkable for their gaiety. *La jeune France* was already weary of her revolution; and those who suffered most severely from it seemed the most desirous to banish its consequences from their minds; and, to do them justice, they appeared to attain this philosophic object without the necessity of any violent effort.

Among those with whom we frequently came in contact at the houses of some of our French acquaintances was Miss Wilmont, an English lady of excellent family, and whose connections in England were most of them aristocratic in their grade. She was singularly fair, while her deportment was dignified and graceful; in short, we have rarely seen one who carried her station more distinctly developed in her appearance and bearing. Her general style, and especially that of her dressing, was not, however, in keeping with her age. It was juvenile and modish, suitable for a fashionable woman of twenty; while our heroine was a spinster of some seventy years' standing. Indeed, so complete a personal deception as Miss Wilmont was perhaps never before or since "got up," even in the French metropolis, where the *artistes* in millinery are certainly far advanced in what we shall take the liberty of designating the science of pads and bussels. Dear old Miss Wilmont! we have her now

distinctly in our mind's eye. Hers was the very figure of which she and her *modiste* could produce anything; and, accordingly, as will appear in the sequel, on a mutual understanding both parties made their own of it.

The sedate may lament over the weakness of this specimen of humanity, whose judgment seventy summer suns has failed to bring to matured sobriety. But let it be remembered, in judging Miss Wilmont, that a young and handsome woman is comparatively independent of her milliner, and instead of making the reputation of a *modiste*, is generally content to resort to the *magasin* of one whose fame is already established.

"How extraordinarily well Miss Wilmont looks and dresses!" observes La Countesse de Bleau at a soiree to her English friend lady Soft; "she is an extraordinary woman for her age—is she not?"

"Wonderful!" exclaims the other, while she whisperingly adds, "Pray, my dear Madame la Countesse, can you tell me who BUILDS our friend?" And this same question is asked over and over again everywhere, and by every one, for there are few ladies, be they French or English, so deficient in acumen as not to arrive at the conclusion, when contemplating Miss Wilmont's "outer woman," that the *modiste* who can make so much of a lady at seventy would make "quite a love" of one who happens to be of an age less dependent on her science. The consequence was, that many took Miss Wilmont as the pattern card of *Madame Tourneanx, modiste de dames, Rue Vivienne, numero quarante quatre.*

But to what amounts all this, it may be demanded, in defence of an old woman like Miss Wilmont, making herself ridiculous by assuming a mask of youth, while one of her feet may be said to be slipping out of the world? And we find that, to make this point of the character of our ancient friend sufficiently luminous, we must be extremely confidential with our reader. It did so happen, then, that even with the help of the card-table, which observing people thought (while few dared to say) stood friend on pressing emergencies in a manner somewhat unaccountable, she could hardly bring together a sufficient income to pay expenses incidental to her not extravagant mode of living; and she dressed so remarkably well, chiefly for the reason that it was the only way she could *afford* to dress. In a word, she made the milliner's business; and that personage was more alive to her interest than to demand payment of an account of many years' standing, from one under the sunshine of whose patronage she was fast making rich. Besides, Miss Wilmont felt society to be necessary to her existence, and that her existence in society depended upon appearances; for it is notorious that to have influence in the *salons* of Paris, remarkability for something is absolutely indispensable. So much for Miss Wilmont's *personelle*.

She was a well-instructed woman scholastically, had read much, and had not only been long in the world, but had observed closely, with a penetrating eye. Her remarks had much of that point which is aimed at in the coteries. Occasionally she evinced a vein of satire extremely biting in its character; and we may admit being frequently amused by the piquancy of her allusions to people as they passed us in a crowded room, and to the frailties of some of her own sex who might happen to be of the party; still, we never thought her ill-hearted; but it always appeared to us that Miss Wilmont was dissatisfied with her position, which she yet strove, day by day, to retain. Her constitution, when we think of her age and the racketing life she had led, must have been of extraordinary strength, for night after night Miss Wilmont's aristocratic form was everywhere familiar to us. Even the appearance of her valet became so, for he was ever to be seen reclining—and generally in Morpheus's arms—on one of the benches in the hall, or, more correctly, the outer apartment of "the suite" of the fashionable of whose party his mistress happened to be one. During the season, we are inclined to think she must have averaged three parties nightly; for, be it remarked, that one who has discretion, and wishes to retain his footing in the *salons* of his circle, will be wary of giving even his favorites too continued a portion of his presence. In our experience, we never felt that we had over much of the society of an agreeable woman; but we concurred with our then

quondam crony, M. Vipon, of the seventh, that he is no ordinary man who can give to a small party more than forty minutes of his time without the risk of becoming insipid, if not absolutely tiresome. Owing to the limited nature of Miss Wilmont's resources, the functionary alluded to was her only male domestic; and it was indeed affirmed, that his having stood out the fatigues of a single "season" was attributable to his power of employing his waiting hours in "balmy sleep."

We have many curious reminiscences connected with the seven short months we passed in Paris at the period alluded to. We little then imagined that now, surrounded by a wife and seven—but these are personal matters, and, until better acquainted with the reader, we shall not introduce him to what a worthy author, we believe six weeks after his nuptials, designated "the hallowed pale of our domestic hearth."

In the month of April the *beau monde* of Paris—some elated with their recent conquests, others penitent over the indiscretions of the past season—were fast leaving that pleasant city: some with heavier hearts—nearly all we venture to affirm with purses lighter than those with which they entered it. About the end of the same month, we took leave of such friend as still loitered in town; among others Miss Wilmont; and although we felt interest in that person, we nevertheless believe that our impression of her may be pretty nearly gleaned from the preceding observations. In short, we thought her a clever, graceful, and ridiculous old time-killer, to say the best of it.

On our way home through the Netherlands, we unexpectedly met at Brussels two friends and countrymen who had there passed the previous winter: and as they took us into society with them, we delayed our homeward progress from day to day, and had tarried for about a fortnight, when one morning, whom should we encounter, shortly after leaving our hotel, but Miss Wilmont! We came so suddenly upon her, at turning the corner of a street, that we almost lost our breath with surprise; for we had often heard the lady boast that for years she had not gone further from Paris than Fontainebleau or Versailles, and that only to avoid being "the only person in town" during the summer months. This, coupled with her present somewhat hurried manner, and for her, careless harnessing, satisfied us that it could be no trifling affair which had brought her so far from what she always said was her home, without altogether seeming to feel it so. She noticed our surprise at once, and in her own lively way exclaimed laughingly, "Ah! Miss Wilmont so far away from Paris! What magnet can have drawn her hither?"

"Indeed, dear Miss Wilmont," we replied, "to meet you here is what we could not anticipate. Pray, would it be over bold to inquire to what lucky circumstance we are indebted for a pleasure so unlooked for?"

"Offer me your arm," she rejoined, "to a street not far off, where dwells a Jew *marchand des bijoux*, of whom I wish speech."

We did the old lady's bidding; for, as we have already said, there *was* something about her which interested, perhaps from her not being understood by us. She was a character, without being a bore; and, besides, in Paris, she had laid us open to a favourable impression by expressing the opinion that, considering our years, we had seen the world with tolerably clear optics. And show us the male of frail humanity who is invulnerable to a little flattery, even from one of the sex rendered venerable by her antiquity!

"Oh!" she continued, "you must think it passing strange to see me here, and are entitled to interrogate me. Paris was, I think, nearly empty when you left; and for ten days before I, accompanied by my *femme*, put myself into the public conveyance hitherward, I alone remained of all our set. Poor Captain Morson was made ridiculous by the little Countesse Villeaux after your departure. I told you, you recollect, that her coquetry would force her husband to put cold lead into him, and he did so last week at the Bois de Boulogne. *Il est mort!* But of course you see the newspapers. The Hopkinses, who used to make themselves the most odious among the odious of the Tuilleries mobs last winter, have made a regular break down; and the very drags are to be sold this week. It turned out as *even* you saw—that it was a *spec* for their 'dear girls.' But the Paris market is

glutted with goods of their quality. And what shall I tell you? Oh! it kills me to think of it. Madame Justans has actually declared to her circle that she has for the first time, after being a wife for twelve years, hopes of being a mother! You were scarcely beyond the barrier before the important fact was public property; and the pleasantest part of all is, that her husband, the old colonel, is in a state of unqualified delight about it. By the way, the Comte Tournon and his wife have separated, and it was more respectable that they should. But I have had a real sorrow since we parted. You have heard me very often speak of my best and kindest friend Mrs. Somers, the wife of the English clergyman, she who attended me and comforted me in my illness two years ago—she died in Brittany, where she had gone for change of air. But I will not say more about what vexes me, and perhaps cannot interest you."

And thus she flew from subject to subject, until we were at the door of the Jew's residence.

"Ah! here we are," she continued, putting her hand to the bell; "now I may just mention that my object in coming ——" but the door opened. To Miss Wilmont's demand as to whether Mr. Isaacs was now at home, the Jewish handmaiden replied in the affirmative, and we were straightway ushered into a small room, where the old Israelite was seated, and received us evidently under the impression that he saw in us two new victims to his rapacity.

"I understand," said Miss Wilmont, looking at a card she held in her hand, "that you deal extensively in pearls, Mr. Isaacs. Is it not so?"

"Ah! 'suredly, I buy and sell, and have de pearls."

"I understand so. Pray sir, do you happen to have a very large one in your possession at present?"

"My gar: yes madame," said the Jew. "Only two days ago I buy one of a Frenchman; de finest—de finest and largest, I do on my shole believe, in de norde of Europe. But it is *very* precious!"

The Jew, eyeing us askance, removed the top from a flat case, when there certainly greeted our sight a collection of gems perfectly dazzling to it. Miss Wilmont contemplated for a few seconds the part appropriated to the pearls, when suddenly, and with a cry as of joy, she pounced upon the largest, which she held fast. The Jew seized her hand instantaneously, and screamed for help. We again, full of amazement, but acting under the impulse of the moment, on seeing a woman so handled, applied one hand to the throat of the Jew, while with the other we seized the wrist of the hand which held that of Miss Wilmont containing the pearl.

"Sarah! Rebecca! Call the city guard—call murder! thieves!" shouted the old man; while just as the Jew's servant entered, Miss Wilmont fainted, and her hand relaxing its hold, the pearl fell on the floor, broken to atoms by the pressure of the rings which were on her fingers!

Smelling salts and a little water recovered Miss Wilmont to presence of mind; and when precisely informed as to what had passed, she said, "There is the money, Mr. Isaacs, which I brought to pay for the pearl—now," she added, "unhappily lost irretrievably. But do oblige me by letting me have the fragments in a bit of paper."

I did my best to appear unconscious that anything very much out of joint had occurred; and the Jew, having received double the value of his gem, seemed content to lock fast his treasures without requiring farther explanation of the scene which we are inclined to think must have been utterly unintelligible to him. Miss Wilmont came to our rescue, by remarking that she had not been so seized with illness for very long; that she was extremely grieved at having broken the pearl; and, expressing to Mr. Isaacs her regret for the trouble she had given him, requested he would desire his servant to procure a hackney carriage for her. Isaacs, probably pleased to suppose that we were unconscious of having been swindled in regard to the price he had exacted, was all readiness and courtesy. We accordingly had Miss Wilmont conveyed to her hotel, where she again fainted before she could offer us any explanation of what had just occurred. She remained in bed alarmingly ill for eight or ten days. Her maid was fortunately with her. We called twice every day, and saw the doctor, too; and her *femme* told us that her mistress desired her to say, that she hoped

in a day or two to be able to receive us. The doctor, who we generally found partaking of something nice which he had ordered for the invalid, said she was rallying fast; but he was not explicit as to the extent of her ailment. He seemed mostly interested as to who the lady was —her means, and so forth—evidently with a view to discover the likelihood of fingering a good fee. We set his mind at ease on that point. Miss Wilmont had, however, sat up once or twice, and was, we understood, convalescent, and, consequently, she had not of late so constantly occupied our thoughts.

One evening, about seven o'clock, having discussed a veal cutlet *au naturel*, and washed it down with our usual allowance of two glasses of *Châblis*, we were sitting in an arm-chair by the open window of the hotel, our legs being placed on one *sans* arms opposite, and at a suitable distance from it. As far as a man can remember any event of secondary importance, between which and the present moment twelve years and his marriage have intervened, we were in the very act of applying the breakers to a French walnut, when, the waiter entering, announced that *une jeune demoiselle* desired speech of us. To such a proposal, we believe, the reader already thinks better of us than to doubt our at once and gallantly acceding; but on that occasion a visit so promising in its announcement led not to pleasantry. The person who entered was no other than Justine, the *femme de chambre* of Miss Wilmont, who looked as sad as she could do without the danger of injuring the expression of her really handsome face, while she announced to us that her mistress had been in a weak and declining state for two days; and from some directions she had given Justine, that functionary thought herself warranted in supposing that Miss Wilmont considered herself at all events to be in a precarious state. She said that she had been sent by her mistress to request that we would, if possible, come to her without delay. We instantly obeyed the summons.

Upon entering Miss Wilmont's apartments, we found her lying on the sofa, and certainly felt appalled by the sudden change her appearance presented to us, and which the alteration in her style of dress made additionally conspicuous. Her complexion, her fair and glossy braids and ringlets, were no longer parts of her. She wore a plain white gown, and a cap of the plainest description, not even indicating in its make what would have been an allowable attempt at the becoming even in a woman of seventy. We suspect that we must have made our feelings of surprise and distress apparent by receding half a step when we first observed her, for she smiled, and held out her hand, saying, "Come, come, my kind friend, do not let my appearance appal you! *Entre nous*, the real change in my appearance is not so great as you may suppose since we had our last gossip at the *bal costume* of Madame Tournon's only five short weeks ago; for what will not French skill achieve for a silly old woman, who is determined, from vanity or necessity, to make the most of herself? In truth," she added solemnly, "the only difference is, that when we parted at Paris, I was standing with a foot in the grave, *now* I am tottering into it."

"Nay, my dear Miss Wilmont, talk not so," we said; "we saw Dr. Meiner three days since, who assured us that you would soon be able to return by easy stages to Paris. Or what say you to cross the channel with us, and breathe your native air for a month or two?"

"No," she said, "I will never return to England or to Paris again! I feel myself losing hold of life hourly, and that was the reason I took the liberty of requesting you to come to me. I was chiefly anxious to express my gratitude to you, and if possible to place myself in a more tolerable point of view to the only one, except Mrs. Somers, who, for many a long day, has shown me disinterested kindness.

We rallied her on what we alleged was a fit of the flats, consequent on her recent illness. "It is so unlike you, Miss Wilmont," we said; "for your life and spirit used to be the admiration and wonder of every one."

She made no reply, but seemed deep in reflection for some minutes. "You remember me in Paris last winter," she began, "slavishly following Fashion's decrees; which are there, you know, more absolute than those of the legislature. Night after night was passed away

by me in a succession of gaiety and entertainments, holding to the last a place which considering my age, was probably as regards influence in the world of fashion, without a precedent for an Englishwoman in Paris. Now I will tell you," she continued, "what you and another then said of me. You said look at that silly, trifling, heartless, and care-for-nothing old woman, how she 'goes it' with her last breath!" She had spoken the truth, but we were proceeding to interrupt her, when she added "Nay, I do not ask you to tell me what you thought of me, that would be taxing your candor unfairly; but I admit having a strong wish to make you think tolerably of me, if you should remember at long intervals, when she is away, one, the course of whose life has been shaped by circumstances. The scene at the Jew merchant's too, requires an *eclaircissement*; and if you will indulge me with your ear a short journey, may at all events make me appear less ridiculous in your eyes; if it does not, by exciting your sympathy, make you indulgent towards the follies of the latter years of a life which I now feel has been utterly wasted."

We expressed ourselves flattered by her valuing our estimation, and declared ourselves ready to listen.

"I was the youngest of three daughters," she said, "of a Welsh baronet, the length of whose rent-roll bore no proportion to that of his pedigree, and who rejoiced in a circle of aristocratic connections sufficiently extensive to have led to ruinous expenditure a man with a larger income and a smaller family. My mother died several years before I arrived at girlhood, but my surviving parent possessed a sense of what the world considers parental duties, with which he would neither allow the county pack nor the district business to interfere. The consequence was, that he managed, with the assistance of a maiden sister, to get his neighbour and second cousin Lord Newhurst, to marry my eldest sister; while he prevailed on Mr. Lorimer, a gouty Indian of a 'certain age,' to make a wife of sister Clara; who, from what I remember of her, never would have done so much for herself. My parent had, also, to the best of his thinking, good matrimonial plans for myself. "Dear me!" she said, speaking parenthetically "I talk now of what occurred upwards of half a century ago!" and she appeared mentally agitated. "Among the men," she resumed, "invited to the hall, was our neighbour, Sir Thomas Ingleby, whose large income, derived from his really fine place, I thought so much more desirable than himself, that my father's most logical reasoning could not make me understand the propriety of taking the one for the sake of the other. Ere long I was compelled to admit to him what I knew would be unpalatable—that my affections were unalterably given to my cousin, Ernest Manvers. I will not speak of him further than to say, that every one thought him handsome, accomplished, and fascinating, while to me he was the very *beau ideal* of manly excellence. I loved him most unreservedly; and I do think a woman's love was never more devotedly returned. But of what avail was that; when Ernest's pay as a subaltern, with an allowance of a hundred a year from his father, barely kept him out of debt in a dragoon regiment; and I was not so ignorant as to look to mine for a portion. My cousin's regiment was in India. He had returned with two years' leave, which had nearly expired. Many an anxious conclave poor Ernest and I held as to whether he should not sell his commission, and, with the interest of the price and his paternal allowance, live blissfully in a tiny rustic cottage *pas ornee* in some sequestered valley, or whether I should go with him to India without my parent's consent. Our meetings now became of much rarer occurrence, for my father had given Ernest pretty plainly to understand, that, were his visits less frequent, they would be esteemed more highly by him; and he embraced the opportunity of having his *protege*, Sir Thomas Ingleby, as much as possible at the hall. I could not be uncivil to Sir Thomas. I had no excuse for acting so if I had the wish; for, to do the man justice, he was well bred, and to me profoundly respectful. I had been necessitated to ride out on horseback with my father when Ingleby was with him, and on several occasions I had been escorted home by that gentleman alone, when cause or intention led my parent to ride forward to the neighbouring town or to call for his steward; and it is, perhaps,

not wonderful that this, and Sir Thomas Ingleby's frequent visits to the house, and Ernest's comparative absence, should have given rise to reports that the wealthy squire had supplanted my handsome cousin, and that he was making way in my favor, to my father's heart's content, as well as his own friends. I need scarcely say that some kind friends questioned Ernest Manvers on the point, while others congratulated him on his escape from so heartless a coquette as they alleged I had proved myself to be. Appearances, unhappily, led him to give a place in his mind to distrust and suspicion; his position, too, was peculiar, and tended to make him sensitive.

"Having worked himself into a state of excitement for some days by endeavouring to avoid approaching me on the subject of his disquietude, it was with a glad and beating heart that I observed him one forenoon cantering up the approach. When he entered the room where I was seated, however, I perceived a frown on his brow, which, till then, I had never been there. I shall pass over that interview rapidly for my own sake. I, offended by his groundless want of confidence, admit having played the coquette a little. In the end, however, he seemed satisfied, and promised to see me in a few days; but although we parted tenderly, I felt that we parted as we had never done before.

"You remember, don't you, the large pearl attached to a pin, which you and others in Paris observed that I wore constantly? I had it from Ernest Manvers the day on which we made known to each other our reciprocal attachment. Just two days after that last alluded to, I was seated at my little work-table, on which I placed the pin referred to, when the door opened, and Sir Thomas Ingleby was announced. After sitting a few minutes, I excused myself on the ground of head-ache, saying, that although I would use the freedom of retiring to my own room, possibly my father would soon return, and that he had better remain if he desired to see him. When left alone, I suppose he had commenced reconnoitering to pass the time. There were books there, but no one ever accused the squire of book-reading: and, as the Fates decreed, he stumbled on my trinkets, and had been contemplating himself in the mirror, with my pin in his neckcloth, when Ernest Manvers, who had been informed that I was in the drawing-room with Sir Thomas Ingleby, entered suddenly. It immediately occurred to Ernest that I had left the room on his approach. He returned not Ingleby's salutation, but that fatal pearl caught his eye, and he left the room ere he had advanced many steps. When he met the servant in the lobby, he was again assured that I was with Sir Thomas, and I have little doubt that the varlet accompanied his reiterated information with a grimace which would not serve to soothe the ruffled feelings of Ernest Manvers. He left the house hurriedly, getting his horse from the groom at the stable, where he had desired it might be put up with the intention of remaining; and, ere long, he passed the park lodge leading to the Ingleby Abbey road at a rapid pace. Sir Thomas Ingleby shortly followed. Bear in mind that much of what I now relate came to my knowledge subsequently.

"Every period of the twenty-four hours is conducive to a sentiment or tone of feeling in my mind perfectly distinct and definable; but if there is an hour of the blessed day when the heart is less than usually under the influence of false feeling, and rises in gratitude for the past and in hope for the future, it is, I do think, when the sun illuminates nature with his meridian splendor. It was about one o'clock when Sir Thomas Ingleby left the hall. There was no turn in his road for nearly two miles after passing the lodge. Afterward, however, he took a by-way to the right, the beauty of which is even now fresh in my memory. The branches of the lime-trees which lined either side of it met at the top, keeping the road cool and agreeable in summer; but as it was very retired, and Ingleby Abbey being the only seat to which it led, it was not, with all its noon-day attractions, a road one would have chosen when alone of a wintry night. About a mile along the road there was a quarry, which had not been worked for many years. It was close to the road, having but a fragile old gate between, and which generally hung unlatched on its hinges. Sir Thomas Ingleby was not a man of lively sentiment, though I do believe he possessed

many useful qualities, and he could not fail more or less to partake of the general feeling which appeared to pervade every object of nature on the way which he traversed. He accordingly laid the reins on his horse's neck, and felt in keeping with the scene. Whatever were then his day-dreams—but I must not anticipate. As he passed the open gate mentioned, a man sprang from its side and seized his bridle—that man was Ernest Manvers! Few words passed.

"'Tell me,' he said, 'will you at once resign all pretensions to supplant me with ——'

"'Unhand my bridle,' replied Sir Thomas, 'or, by heaven——'

"But he was cut short in his threat, for Ernest Manvers had seized him by the throat, and still retaining his hold, though unsuccessful in his endeavour to dismount him, the horse backed in alarm, and both it and its rider reeled into the quarry. It was the work of an instant!

"Manvers gazed over the precipice for some seconds in breathless horror, but with recollection he saw the necessity of flight. He had fastened his horse to a tree hard by, and, throwing himself into the saddle, he retraced his steps to the public road leading home. He had engaged himself to dine on that day with my brother-in-law, Lord Newhurst. The party was assembled in the drawing-room in the evening, when I was accompanying my voice at the piano. Ernest Manvers sat a little to one side in front. I could see him perfectly. He had taken more than his usual share of the conversation at dinner, and must have seemed to all especially animated. I, however, who knew Ernest well, could not read his expression; and just as this had forced itself upon me painfully, one of the servants entered hurriedly, and spoke to Lord Newhurst, who immediately uttered an exclamation of horror and surprise, 'Good God,' he said, 'this is indeed a fearful affair—Sir Thomas Ingleby murdered in broad day, and thrown into the Greysoles quarry! You know the spot, Mr. Wilmont—near the end of the lime-tree loan?'

"I turned one glance on Ernest—*my* Ernest, and it was enough. I fainted; and I doubt not that some of the company thought this very handsome and becoming on my part, considering the relative position gossip had assigned Sir Thomas and myself; and if poor Ernest did look strange, albeit, it might account for that also!

"When I sufficiently recovered I was conveyed home. My father was by my side, but he uttered not a syllable. For ten days I was alarmingly ill. When I was allowed to speak, or be spoken to, I had my memory refreshed by my handmaiden. Sir Thomas Ingleby was already buried.

"The second day on which I was enabled to be in the drawing-room, my father came to me, and said that Ernest Manvers was in the library, and that he wished to see me for a few minutes, if I thought myself able for an interview with him. To his proposal I acquiesced. My parent spoke kindly to me, and I could see that if the predominant feeling in his mind did not amount to absolute grief, he was at all events extremely *fâché*. Having conducted me to the library, he left Ernest and myself together. I need not—I could not, indeed—detail what passed betwixt us at that our last sad interview. Although, perhaps unnecessary, he satisfied me that he intended no murder, but was led away by the passion of the moment to stop at the fatal spot, to call to account him whom he considered his rival, when, before many moments, he saw Sir Thomas Ingleby drop into eternity. He gave me to understand that slight suspicions existed in the minds of some of the dead man's relatives as to who did the deed, and that he would start next morning for London, and take shipping for Bombay early in the ensuing week. He went accordingly, and the return packet brought a notification of poor Ernest's death. The announcement attributed what they termed in the usual phraseology, 'the deeply regretted event' to consumption, which had been preying upon him during the voyage out. And they were not far wrong. As I have already stated, his gift at our betrothal was the pearl pin which the last time alluded to was in the neckcloth of Sir Thomas Ingleby. That pearl was lost or stolen from me at Paris. There it was not to be found; and having been informed that all the finest and most costly pearls found their way generally into the

possession of M. Isaacs, an irresistible longing to recover it brought me here, and will perhaps, bring me a few years sooner than otherwise to my grave. It is odd, is it not, that this paltry gem should have been the indirect cause of bringing three human beings into the presence of their Maker! Don't mistake me, however, I am no fatalist; and, indeed, I now believe it more than probable that the pearl I saw at the Jew's, and which my heated imagination led me to suppose my own, had never been in my hand before.

"These, then, were the events which have made me what I was, at first apparently gay; and to drown reflection, I went from the house of one relative to another during the country season. In spring I was a standard in London till all my friends were dead, or placed on the shelf three times over. I then came to Paris with my sister, Lady Newhurst, where people, you know, are never old, and I found the climate and easy manner of visiting more suitable to my increasing age. There I remained immersed in the circle in which you found me. The last of my brothers and sisters died sixteen years since: and even the holder of the family estate, which was my early home, will only feel an interest in the end of my life, as clearing his property of the small annuity which its entail entitled me to. Is it not singular that, with a heart broken, and leading a life of racket to hide its beatings, and keep my reflections from myself, I should have outlived them all?

When we called next morning at Miss Wilmont's hotel, we inquired of the porter at the *concierge*, if he knew how Miss Wilmont did. His reply was brief, while he disturbed not a muscle of his countenance as he delivered it. "Monsieur," he said, "*elle est morte!*" A feeling of depression came over our hearts at the intimation, although not altogether unexpected, and we were turning away, when we observed Miss Wilmont's servant, who had arrived from Paris during the night, coming towards us. We believe more genuine grief was never evinced by a domestic on such an occasion.

"Ah, sir," he said, "it is all over now with my poor dear mistress. Bless you, sir, for what you did for her when she was here alone without any one who knew or cared for her. Pardon me, sir," he added, "but I doubt if even you were aware of the good qualities which she hid by a manner which I never could believe was a real part of herself. She will be missed in Paris by many a family whose wants she supplied sometimes at the sacrifice of her own. Ask Justine, her maid, about my poor mistress, sir—she can tell you what Miss Wilmont did for her little brother and sister, and many a similar case could I bear witness to. And she was a good woman, too, although she made no display of her worth. And she was, indeed a kind mistress."

And the honest-hearted fellow here seemed ashamed of the necessity of brushing off the tear-drop which rolled down his cheek. What her servant said now of the hidden qualities of the deceased, we had amply confirmed by the husband of her late friend, Mrs. Somers, at Paris, and by another.

We trust that our narrative of our ancient friend, and the circumstances which formed it, have not been altogether without interest to the reader; and if it has served to wile away an idle half-hour, we have attained one of the objects we had in view in committing it to the press. We would not, however, have him to suppose that our sole intention was to create amazement by a recital of the personal displays of vanity on the part of our heroine, which, after all we have shewn, originated more from necessity than from choice, far less was it to indulge in the portrayal of a useless tale of horror. May not our brief sketch teach a lesson on the danger of that coquetry which, leading Miss Wilmont for one short hour to tamper with a man's ardent affections, brought about consequences so fearful to contemplate? May we not learn from it the valuelessness of every personal grace and mental accomplishment, as possessed by Ernest Manvers, if passion, uncontrolled by principle, is allowed to run riot with the will? Without an attempt to justify the use made by Miss Wilmont of the events of her early life, yet keeping in view the good deeds done by her in private, does not her appearance in the fashionable scenes of the world's drama instruct us to be reluctant to satirize,

slow to judge, resolute against condemning? For he who has read human nature most deeply is constrained to admit that, although occasionally not far astray in his conclusions in regard to individual character, his penetration below the surface of other minds is so limited and obscure as to render it of little value for practical purposes. The three deaths, and a life of weariness, now laid before the reader, form, moreover, an additional illustration of the somewhat trite maxim, that "from trifling causes great events result," for who could have imagined that they should all be traceable to the immediate instrumentality of a cause so insignificant as THE LOST PEARL?

Frasers' Magazine.

Editorial.

DEATH OF A "CELEBRITY."

We find in a late number of the *London Times* the following notice:—

"On Saturday last Mr. Bedford, the coroner for Westminster, held an inquest on Mr. George Leadbitter, the Bow-street officer, who was killed by the overturning of a cab, in which he was going home on Friday morning last, near the Royal-mews, Buckingham-palace. The cabman deposed to taking him up in Piccadilly, and on arriving opposite the Bag of Nails, Lower Grosvenor-place, the deceased called out for him to turn, and in doing so threw his back on one side, oversetting the cab, which fell on him, and witness only escaped by jumping off the box. James Maggs, a policeman, 236 B, deposed to the perfect sobriety of the cabman, who voluntarily went to the station and left his name; but witness was so particular as to the driver's sobriety, that he took the surgeon's opinion when he went to the hospital. Mr. Buckland stated that the deceased had not a portion of his skull whole as large as a five shilling piece; death must have been instantaneous. The jury returned a verdict of 'accidental death,' exonerating the driver from blame. The deceased, Mr. George Leadbitter, stood about six feet two and a half inches, and weighed nearly 19 stone, so that his weight overturning the cab was easily accounted for."

The deceased was one of the most noted men amongst the London Bow-street officers; a celebrated "thief-taker;" a terror to thieves and other evil doers; a man of consequence among the metropolitan constabulary long before the new police (*or Peel's raw lobsters*, as they were technically called,) had any existence.

We were once, during our student-life, a spectator, or rather a partial participator in a scene in which the bold and active energies of the deceased were called prominently into action;—a scene almost without a parallel, in which a large body of medical men, the members of a profession more particularly noted for gentle energy and quiet untiring perseverance, became roused for the moment into—the truth must be told—a set of rioters.

It was in the year 18—, that Mr. Wakley, now for many years M.P. for Finsbury, but at that time especially known as the editor of a weekly medical journal, called the *Lancet*, and for a series of violent attacks contained therein upon the abuses, real or imaginary, perpetrated by the council of the Royal College of Surgeons, took it into his head to find fault with some regulation of the Admiralty by which assistant-surgeons in the navy were cheated out of their proper position in (naval) society, and were reduced to the grade of *warrant* officers, instead of holding commissions, like the assistant-surgeons in the army. It was customary in those days, and we presume is still so, for a member of the council of the college to be chosen "Professor of Surgery," whose duty it was annually to deliver a course of lectures (called "Hunterian Lectures," in memory of the late John Hunter, the father of English surgery,) to the members of the college, in the theatre of the institution in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

At the time in question Mr. Guthrie (since president of the college) was the lecturer, and we, with the rest of his pupils, and other privileged parties, received tickets for admission to the students' gallery, the entrance to which was from Portugal-street.

As the time approached for the commencement of the course Mr. Wakley issued a flaming advertisement in the *Lancet*, calling upon the members of the college to meet him in the theatre, and to agree to a petition to the King on the subject of the naval assistants:—although it was plain enough that his main object was to obtain the passage, by the members there assembled, in the very teeth of the council, and in their own theatre, of resolutions condemnatory of the apathy of the said council itself in the matter;—the grand object the great medical agitator had in view being the destruction of the Royal College of Surgeons, and the erecting on its ruins a "College of Medicine"—uniting the several branches of the profession in one body—with no less a person than Mr. Thomas Wakley at its head. The scheme

was a bold one, but in quiet Old England it is far easier to get up a riot than a revolution. The day approached, the council got a little alarmed, and in order to counteract as far as possible the designs of their opponent, decided not to open the doors till a quarter of an hour before the time appointed for the commencement of the lecture, instead of an hour, as had previously been the custom. Of this decision the majority of the members were not aware till their arrival at the outside of the building, where notices were placarded to apprise them of the fact, and a considerable crowd consequently gradually collected, whose patience and temper were not much improved by the detention.

On reaching the gallery we found the members pouring in below as if their very existence depended on their obtaining seats. Wakley immediately began addressing the multitude, cheered on by his friends, and amid the remonstrances of those opposed to him. Soon "the fun grew fast and furious;" the council entered and took their places, and endeavoured to procure peace and order;—as well might an infant attempt to quiet two rival factions of Irishmen with their spirits raised by the free circulation of *poteen*;—all were talking or shouting together. The students, who, to confess the truth, went to the theatre that day more from the prospect of "fun" than with any anticipation of profit from the lecture—cheered everybody by turns; Brodie trembled, while Keats (then president) was white with passion. It was a hot summer's day, and the moisture rising from below in vapour became condensed on the ceiling and descended in a perfect shower like rain. The tumult had probably lasted two hours, when, the council perceiving that there was no possibility of the lecture proceeding, and getting out of patience, sent for their solicitor, and by his advice and authority they sent for the Bow-street officers. On the arrival of the constables the secretary of the college made his appearance in the theatre, holding up two placards; on one was written, "Gentlemen, you are requested to leave the theatre!"—on the other, "Mr. Wakley, you are requested to leave the theatre." After exhibiting these messages for two or three minutes the secretary retired, and a large proportion of the audience prepared to obey the mandate. Wakley instantly sprang to his feet. "Gentlemen!" he thundered out, "Gentlemen! if you submit to this you deserve every disgrace that can be imposed upon you!" The words were scarcely uttered when the doors below were opened, and the noted Leadbitter and three or four other officers entered and began to force their way to the position occupied by the contumacious member. Several of his friends endeavoured in vain to bar their progress, while Wakley himself immediately commenced preparing for battle;—buttoning up his coat and tucking up his sleeves, he put himself in a boxing attitude. The first man who reached him was felled to the ground; others however quickly followed and Wakley was soon hauled down to the area of the theatre. Here a regular pitched battle commenced between the constables and Wakley's friends, which lasted for several minutes; at length however law and order conquered, and Wakley and a few of the most violent of his supporters were ejected into the street, where he no sooner arrived than he very coolly called some policemen and gave the Bow-street officers in charge for an assault. After the removal of the parties from the theatre, two or three resolutions were put and carried by acclamation, the noise however was so excessive that few persons were aware of their import. At length the question was asked "where is Wakley?" "Gone to Bow-street," was the reply. "Let us follow him," was the next proposal, which was agreed to *nem. con.*, and the whole multitude, members and students, about three thousand in number, poured out like so many bees into the street, and, joining forces opposite the college, formed a procession three a-breast, and marched to Bow-street. Great was the amazement of the peaceable inhabitants of the streets through which we passed, as they rushed to the doors and windows to gaze at us. On our arrival at Bow-street we ascertained that as no magistrate was sitting at the time the officers had been conveyed to Covent Garden watch-house, whither we also proceeded. After remaining a short time, however, and finding the fun was over, the multitude gradually dispersed. Some of the members vowing vengeance against the college and threatening to send in their resignation the next day, while we, the junior portion of the rioters, were highly gratified with the result of the day's proceedings.

Wakley attempted to form a new college;—the council of the old commenced a criminal prosecution against him for riot. At length a compromise was effected; Wakley dropped his college and the College of Surgeons stayed proceedings, and thus the matter terminated.

ODD WAYS OF MAKING MONEY.

It is most extraordinary, in that little world within itself, the City of London, the means that are taken by certain parties to turn every thing into money. No opportunity is neglected. Let a small portion of some well-authenticated wreck be recovered from the bottom of the sea, and, straightway half the turners in the city are at work, making up ten times the quantity of material into snuff-boxes, rings, and other relics. No sooner is a specimen of the precious metal brought from some new locality than numerous parties immediately busy themselves in melting down broken rings, brooches and watch-cases into genuine specimens of "*native gold*," to grace the cabinets of geological collectors. No sooner is some noted criminal subjected to the penalty imposed by the laws he has outraged, than ropes enough to rig a vessel are sold by the inch to the morbidly curious in such matters, as the line with which the miserable wretch was sent from time into eternity. The death of the "Great Duke" has furnished an opportunity, such as may not quickly occur again, to the adventurous in such speculations. The following advertisements, cut from a late number of "*The Times*," will doubtless amuse most of our readers. There is little doubt, that a majority of the autograph letters offered for sale were obtained as answers to applications made for the express purpose of procuring the signature of the illustrious Duke, and with no other motive—men of note being sometimes sadly pestered in that way:

AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the late Duke of WELLINGTON, containing 60 lines, with envelope, postmark, and seal, to be DISPOSED OF, for the best offer above £5. Address, post paid, to R. S., care of Bowen & Co., 101, Fenchurch-street.

AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER from the late Duke of WELLINGTON to a friend of the advertiser, together with the envelope and seal, and post marks, attesting the same, on the subject of calling out the local militia in 1846. It is a genuine and characteristic specimen. For price address W. F. Gibson, bookseller, 25, Long-row, Nottingham.

AUTHENTIC AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the late great Duke of WELLINGTON; also Autograph Letters of the late Sir Robert Peel, Sir Walter Scott, and the late Duke of York,—to be DISPOSED OF, on moderate terms. Apply to C. A. G. R., Mr. Carter's coffee-shop, 20, Bridge-row, Pimlico.

AUTOGRAPH NOTE of the Duke of WELLINGTON, with Envelope and Seal, to be SOLD, highly characteristic of the late Duke's estimation of the valuable service and support rendered to him by the officers under his command in the Peninsular War. Letters addressed to A. B., Godfrey's library, 47, William-street, Albany-street, Regent's-park.

A CLERGYMAN has TWO LETTERS, with Envelopes, addressed to him by the late DUKE, and bearing striking testimony to the extent of his Grace's private charities, to be DISPOSED OF at the highest offer (for one or both), received by the 18th instant. The offers may be contingent on further particulars being satisfactory. Address Rev. A. B., Mr. J. Gladding's bookseller, 20, City-road.

WELLINGTON'S AUTOGRAPH.—A LETTER from His Grace to be DISPOSED OF, with the direction. Direct A. B., post-office, Ashington, Hurst. Terms, &c., pre-paid.

WELLINGTON'S AUTOGRAPH, with envelope, seal, and postmark, highly characteristic, to be SOLD, a bargain. Offers to be addressed to Alpha, 48, Westmoreland-place, City-road.

WATERLOO BANQUET.—An AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the Duke of Wellington, with seal, (23 lines,) respecting same. Part of proceeds will be given to one who fought under him. Address, with offers, M. J., post-office, Leadenhall-street.

LETTERS of the Duke of WELLINGTON.—SIX genuine LETTERS of the late Duke of WELLINGTON, all addressed to one gentleman, are offered for SALE. Inquire of the Secretary to the Literary and Scientific Institution, 17, Edward's-street, Portman-square.

F. M. the Duke of WELLINGTON'S AUTOGRAPH.—A highly characteristic LETTER of the Duke's for DISPOSAL, wherein he alludes to his living to "100 years," date 1843, with envelope, seal, and postmark perfect. Price £10. Address Alpha, 7, Holly-street north, Dalston.

THE GREAT DUKE.—A LETTER of the GREAT HERO, dated March 27, 1851, to be SOLD. Also a beautiful Letter from Jenny Lind, dated June 20, 1852. The highest offer will be accepted. Address, with offers of price, to T. L. F., care of Mr. Butler, 21, Clifford-street, Bond-street.

THE Duke of WELLINGTON.—A widow, in deep distress, has in her possession an AUTOGRAPH LETTER of his Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON, written in 1830, enclosed and directed in an envelope, and sealed with his ducal coronet, which she would be happy to PART WITH for a trifle. Letters, pre-paid, to E. H., 89, Chalton-street, New-road.

VALUABLE AUTOGRAPH NOTE of the late Duke of WELLINGTON, dated March 27, 1850, to be SOLD for £20, by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, together with envelope, perfect impression of Ducal seal, and Knightsbridge post-mark distinct. The whole in excellent preservation. A better specimen of the noble Duke's handwriting and highly characteristic style cannot be seen. Offers addressed to Delta, Mr. Southron's post-office, Blackheath.

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPH.—A LETTER, dated July, 1847, addressed to the advertiser, relative to a military subject, with envelope, ducal seal, and postmarks, to be DISPOSED OF. Address Mr. Sims., surgeon, Tottenham, Middlesex.

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPH.—To be SOLD, a very characteristic LETTER, of some length and addressed by the great Duke to a lady, dated Strathfieldsaye, December, 1833. Price 10 guineas. Address to A. C. L., post-office, St. Martin's-le-grand.

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPHS and his great rival NAPOLEON, also Kings, Queens, Princes, Poets, Statesmen, &c., from Henry VII. to the present time.—Upwards of 2,000, alphabetically arranged and priced, with written descriptions to each, always on SALE, at Messrs. Waller and Son's, booksellers and autograph dealers, 188, Fleet-street.

WELLINGTON and WILBERFORCE.—To be SOLD, the AUTOGRAPH FRANK of the former and the LETTER of the latter, besides about 400 other valuable franks of peers and commoners, many deceased, including the names of Nelson (1832), Rodney, Byron (1832), De La Zouche (1819), Townshend (1815), Grey, Cobbett, Hunt, D. O'Connell. Apply to Nixon, tobacconist, Lindsey-row, Chelsea, near Battersea-bridge.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S AUTOGRAPH.—"It is no part of the Duke's duty."—A very characteristic LETTER of two pages, dated in 1848, containing these words, to be SOLD, with envelope and seal complete. Price 20 guineas. Also an Envelope, with seal, for one guinea. Apply to A. B., 56, Richmond-road, Islington.

But these are nothing to the following:

MEMENTO of the late Duke of WELLINGTON.—To be DISPOSED OF, a LOCK of the late illustrious DUKE's HAIR. Can be guaranteed. The highest offer will be accepted. Apply by letter, pre-paid, to A. Z., care of Messrs. Everett, news agents, 14, Finch-lane, Cornhill.

GENUINE and unique RELIC of the late Duke of WELLINGTON.—A lady will DISPOSE OF a LOCK of his Grace's HAIR, which can be guaranteed; and the date of its being cut, and circumstances of possession will be imparted to the purchaser. The owner would not like to part with it under 50 guineas, but is open to a liberal offer. Address, free, enclosing card, to E., care of the housekeeper, 4, Jeffreys-square, St. Mary-axe.

One of these modestly offers to accept the "highest offer;" the other, thinking a bold stroke the best, demands fifty guineas for a tuft of hair, probably clipped from the tail of her pet lap-dog, and might possibly find little difficulty in producing "locks of His Grace's hair" as long as the guineas were forthcoming. Then we have—

DUKE of WELLINGTON's FUNERAL WINE.—All the trade who require a supply of this wine should make immediate application, owing to the immense demand for it. Manufactory, Messrs. WALKERS', Peartree street, Goswell-street, London.

WELLINGTON FUNERAL CAKE.—This delicious article to be had only of JOHN PATERSON, 10, Green-street, Leicester-square, where every other description of fancy biscuits and bread may be obtained in perfection. Families are respectfully requested to send their orders early.

These do not close the catalogue; we have, in the same paper, advertisements of "Marble Busts," "Equestrian Statuettes," "Striking Likenesses," in gold and silver, from 2*s.* 6*d.* upwards, "Composition Busts," &c. &c. Nor is the "third estate" backward in taking advantage of the benefits thrown in their way by the moral epidemic—we have the "Wellington Sun," and "Wellington double number of the Illustrated London News." One number of the "Times" contained upwards of one hundred advertisements connected in some way with the death of "the Duke;" so that, if the demise of His Grace may be termed a national calamity, it certainly furnished many of his countrymen with the means of "turning an honest penny."

THE SURGEON'S COURTSHIP.

It seems rather paradoxical to say that a place noted for good air should be favourable to the increase and prosperity of the medical tribe; nevertheless the fact is so, certainly in this particular instance, and I suspect in many others; and when the causes are looked into, the circumstance will seem less astonishing than it appears at the first glance,—a good air being, as we all know, the *pis aller* of the physician, the place to which, when the resources of his art are exhausted, he sends his patients to recover or die, as it may happen. Sometimes they really do recover, especially if in leaving their medical attendant they also leave off medicine; but for the most part, poor things! they die as certainly as they would have done if they had stayed at home, only that the sands run a little more rapidly in consequence of the glass being shaken; and this latter catastrophe is particularly frequent in Belford, whose much-vaunted air being, notwithstanding its vicinity to a great river, keen, dry, and bracing, is exceedingly adapted for preserving health in the healthy, but very unfit for the delicate lungs of an invalid.

The place, however, has a name for salubrity; and, as sick people still resort to it in hopes of getting well, there is of course no lack of doctors to see them through the disease with proper decorum, cure them if they can, or let them die if so it must be. There is no lack of doctors, and still less is there a lack of skill; for although the air of Belford may be overrated, there is no mistake in the report which assigns to the medical men of the town singular kindness, attention and ability.

Thirty years ago these high professional qualities were apt to be alloyed by the mixture of a little professional peculiarity in dress and pedantry in manner. The faculty had not in those days completely dropped "the gold-headed cane;" and, in provincial towns especially, the physician was almost as distinguished by the cut of his clothes as the clergyman by his shovel-crowned hat, or the officer by his uniform.

The two principal physicians of Belford at this period were notable exemplifications of medical costume—each might have sat for the picture of an M.D. The senior, and perhaps the more celebrated of the two, was a short, neat old gentleman, of exceedingly small proportions, somewhat withered and shrivelled, but almost as fair, and delicate, and carefully preserved, as if he had himself been one of that sex of which he was the especial favourite —an old lady in his own person. His dress was constantly a tight stock, shoes with buckles, brown silk stockings, and a full suit of drab; the kid gloves, with which his wrinkled white hands were at once adorned and preserved, were of the same sober hue; and the shining bob-wig, which covered no common degree of intellect and knowledge, approached as nearly to the colour of the rest of his apparel as the difference of material would admit. His liveries might have been cut from the same piece with his own coat, and the chariot, in which he might be computed to pass one third of his time (for he would as soon have dreamt of flying as of walking to see his next-door neighbour,) was of a similar complexion. Such was the outer man of the shrewd and sensible Dr. Littleton. Add, that he loved a rubber, and that his manner was a little prim, a little quaint, and a little fidgety, and the portrait of the good old man will be complete.

His competitor, Dr. Granville, would have made four of Dr. Littleton, if cut into quarters. He was a tall, large, raw-boned man, who looked like a North Briton, and I believe actually came from that country, so famous for great physicians. His costume was invariably black, surmounted by a powdered head and a pig-tail, which (for the doctor was a single man, and considered as a *très-bon parti* by the belles of the town) occasioned no inconsiderable number of disputes amongst the genteeler circles; some of his fair patients asserting that the

powdered foretop was no other than a tie-wig, whilst the opposite party maintained that it was his own hair.

However this may be, Dr. Littleton's chesnut-coloured bob and Dr. Granville's powdered pig-tail set the fashion amongst the inferior practitioners. From the dear old family apothecary—the kind and good old man, beloved even by the children whom he physicked, and regarded by the parents as one of their most valued friends—to the pert parish doctor, whom Crabbe has described so well, "all pride and business, bustle and conceit;" from the top to the bottom of the profession, every medical man in Belford wore a bob-wig or a pigtail. It was as necessary a preliminary for feeling a pulse, or writing a prescription, as a diploma; and to have cured a patient without the regular official decoration would have been a breach of decorum that nothing could excuse. Nay, so long did the prejudice last, that when some dozen years afterwards three several adventurers tried their fortunes in the medical line at Belford, their respective failures were universally attributed to the absence of the proper costume; though the first was a prating fop, who relied entirely on calomel and the depleting system—an English Sangrado!—the second, a solemn coxcomb, who built altogether on stimulants—gave brandy in apoplexies, and sent his patients, persons who had always lived soberly, tipsy out of the world; and the third, a scientific Jack-of-all-trades, who passed his days in catching butterflies and stuffing birds for his museum, examining strata, and analyzing springs—detecting Cheltenham in one, *Bareges* in another, fancying some new-fangled chalybeate in the rusty scum of a third, and writing books on them all—whilst his business, such as it was, was left to take care of itself. To my fancy, the inside of these heads might very well account for the non-success of their proprietors; nevertheless, the good inhabitants of Belford obstinately referred their failure to the want of bob-wigs, pigtails, and hair-powder.

Now, however, times are altered—altered even in Belford itself. Dr. Littleton and Dr. Granville repose with their patients in the church-yard of St. Nicholas, and their costumes are gone to the tomb of the Capulets.

Of a truth, all professional distinctions in dress are rapidly wearing away. Uniforms, it is true, still exist; but, except upon absolute duty, are seldom exhibited: and who, except my venerable friend the Rector of Hadley, ever thinks of wearing a shovel-hat?

Amongst medical practitioners especially, all peculiarities, whether of equipage or apparel, are completely gone by. The chariot is no more necessary, except as a matter of convenience, than the gold-headed cane or the bob-wig; and our excellent friend Dr. Chard may, as it suits him, walk in the town, or ride on horseback, or drive his light open carriage in the country, without in the slightest degree impugning his high reputation, or risking his extensive practice; whilst the most skilful surgeon in Belford may be, and actually is, with an equal impunity the greatest beau in the place.

There are not many handsomer or more agreeable men than Mr. Edward Foster, who—the grandson by his mother's side of good old Dr. Littleton, and by his father's of the venerable apothecary, so long his friend and contemporary, and combining considerable natural talent with a first-rate scientific education—stepped, as by hereditary right, into the first connexion in Belford and its populous and opulent neighbourhood, and became almost immediately the leading surgeon of the town.

Skilful, accomplished, clever, kind,—possessing, besides his professional emoluments, an easy private fortune, and living with a very agreeable single sister in one of the best houses of the place,—Edward Foster, to say nothing of his good looks, seemed to combine within himself all the elements of popularity. His good looks too were of the best sort, resulting from a fine, manly, graceful figure, and an open, intelligent countenance, radiant with good humour and vivacity. And very popular Edward Foster was. He had but one fault, as far as I could hear, and that was an inaptitude to fall in love. In vain did grave mammas sagely hint that a professional man could not expect to succeed unless married; in vain did jocular papas laughingly ask, how he would manage when Mr. Lyons, the young banker, had stolen his sister for a wife? Edward Foster did not marry, and did succeed; and Miss Foster became Mrs. Lyons, and the house went on as well as ever. Even the young ladies condescended as much as young ladies ought to condescend, but still Edward Foster was obdurate; and the gossips of Belford began to suspect that the heart which appeared so invulnerable must have been protected by some distant and probably too ambitious attachment from the charms of their fair townswomen, and even proceeded to make inquiries as to the daughters of the various noble families that he attended in the neighbourhood.

Time solved the enigma; and the solution, as often happens in these cases, lay in a spot wholly unsuspected by the parties interested.

Few things are more melancholy and yet few more beautifully picturesque than the grounds of some fine old place deserted by its owners, and either wholly pulled down, or converted to the coarse and common purposes of a farm-steading. We have many such places in our neighbourhood, where the estates (as is usually the case in all counties within fifty miles of London) have either entirely passed away from their old proprietors, or have been so much dismembered by the repeated purchases of less ancient but more opulent settlers on the land, that the residence has gradually became too expensive for the diminished rent-roll; and, abandoned, probably not without considerable heart-yearning, by the owner, has been insensibly suffered to moulter away, an antedated and untimely ruin, or been degraded to the vulgar uses of a farm-house.

One of the most beautiful of these relics of

old English magnificence is the Court-house at Allonby, which has been desecrated in all manner of ways; first wholly deserted, then in great measure, dismantled, then partly taken down, and what remained of the main building—what *would* remain, for the admirable old masonry offered every sort of passive resistance to the sacrilegious tools and engines of the workmen employed in the wicked task of demolition, and was as difficult to be pulled down as a rock—the remains, mutilated and disfigured as they were, still further disfigured by being fitted up as a dwelling for the farmer who rented the park; whilst the fine old stables, coach-houses, and riding-houses were appropriated to the basest uses of a farmyard. I wonder that the pigs and cows, when they looked at the magnificence about them, the lordly crest (a deer couchant) placed over the noble arched gateways, and on the solid pillars at the corners of the walls, and the date 1646, which with the name of the first proprietor "Andrew Montfalcon" surmounted all the Gothic doors, were not ashamed of their own unfitness for so superb a habitation.

Allonby Court was one of the finest specimens of an old manorial residence that had ever come under my observation. Built at the period when castellated mansions were no longer required for defence, it yet combined much of their solidity and massiveness with far more of richness, of ornament, and even of extent, than was compatible with the main purpose of those domestic fortresses, in which beauty and convenience were alike sacrificed to a jealous enclosure of walls and ramparts.

Allonby had been erected by one of the magnificent courtiers of a magnificent era—the end of Elizabeth's reign and the beginning of that of James; and its picturesque portal, its deep bay windows, its clustered chimneys, its hall where a coach and six might have paraded, and its oaken staircase, upon which a similar equipage might with all convenience have driven, were even surpassed in grandeur and beauty by the interior fittings up,—the splendour of the immense chimneypieces—the designs of the balustrades round the galleries—the carving of the cornices—the gilding of the panelled wainscoting, and the curious inlaying of its oaken floors. Twenty years ago it stood just as it must have been when Sir Andrew Montfalcon took possession of it. Tapestry, pictures, furniture, all were the same,—all had grown old together; and this entire and perfect keeping, this absolute absence of everything modern or new, gave a singular harmony to the scene. It was a venerable and most perfect model of its own distant day; and when an interested steward prevailed on a nonresident and indolent proprietor to consent to its demolition, there was a universal regret in the neighbourhood. Everybody felt glad to hear, that, so solidly had it been built, the sale of the materials did not defray the expense of pulling them down. So malicious did our love of the old place make us.

We felt the loss of that noble structure as a personal deprivation—and it was much; for the scenery of a country, the real and living landscape, is to all who have eyes to see and taste to relish its beauties an actual and most valuable property:—to enjoy is to possess.

Still, however, the remains of Allonby are strikingly picturesque. The single wing which is standing, rises like a tower from the fragment of the half demolished hall; and the brambles, briers, and ivies, which grow spontaneously among the ruins, mingle with the luxuriant branches of a vine which has been planted on the south side of the building, and wreathes its rich festoons above the gable-ends and round the clustered chimneys, veiling and adorning, as Nature in her bounty often does, the desolation caused by the hand of man. Gigantic forest trees, oak, and elm, and beech, are scattered about the park, which still remains unenclosed and in pasture; a clear, bright river glides through it, from which on one side rises an abrupt grassy bank, surrounded by a majestic avenue of enormous firs and lime trees, planted in two distinct rows; a chain of large fish-ponds, some of them dried up and filled with underwood, communicates with the stream; and flowering shrubs, the growth of centuries, laburnum, lilac, laurel, double cherry, and double peach, are clustered in gay profusion around the mouldering grottoes and ruined temples with which the grounds had been adorned.

The most beautiful and most perfect of these edifices was a high, tower-like fishing-room, overhanging the river, of which indeed the lower part formed a boat-house, covered with honeysuckle, jassamine, and other creeping plants, backed by tall columnar poplars, and looking on one side into a perfect grove of cypress and cedar. A flaunting musk-rose grew on one side of the steps, and a Portugal laurel on the other; whilst a moss-grown sun-dial at a little distance rose amidst a thicket of roses lilies, and hollyhocks, (relics of the old flower garden,) the very emblem of the days that were gone,—a silent but most eloquent sermon on the instability of human affairs.

This romantic and somewhat melancholy dwelling was inhabited by a couple as remote from all tinge of romance, or of sadness, as ever were brought together in this world of vivid contrast. Light and shadow were not more opposite than were John and Martha Clewer to their gloomy habitation.

John Clewer and his good wife Martha were two persons whom I can with all truth and convenience describe conjointly in almost the same words, as not unfrequently happens with a married couple in their rank of life. They were a stout, comely, jolly, good-natured pair, in the prime of life, who had married early, and had grown plump, ruddy, and hardy under the influence of ten years of changing seasons and unchanging industry. Poor they were, in spite of his following the triple calling of miller, farmer, and gamekeeper, and her doing her best to aid him by baking and selling in the form of bread the corn which he not only grew but ground, and defiling the faded grandeur of the court by the vulgarities of cheese,

red herrings, eggs, candles, and onions, and the thousand-and-one nuisances which composed the *omnibus* concern called a village shop. Martha's home-baked loaves were reckoned the best in the county, and John's farming was scarcely less celebrated: nevertheless, they were poor; a fact which might partly be accounted for by the circumstance of their ten years' marriage having produced eight children, and partly by their being both singularly liberal, disinterested, and generous. If a poor man brought the produce of his children's gleanings to John's mill, he was sure not only to get it ground for nothing, but to receive himself at the hands of the good miller as plentiful a meal of beef or bacon, and as brimming a cup of strong ale, as ever was doled out of the old buttery; whilst Martha, who was just John himself in petticoats, and in whom hospitality took the feminine form of charity, could never send away the poorest of her customers (in other words, her debtors) empty-handed, however sure she might be that the day of payment would never arrive until the day of judgment. Rich our good couple certainly were not,—unless the universal love and good-will of the whole neighbourhood may count for riches; but content most assuredly they were,—ay, and more than content! If I were asked to name the happiest and merriest persons of my acquaintance, I think it would be John and Martha Clewer.

With all their resemblance, there was between this honest country couple one remarkable difference: the husband was a man of fair, common sense, plain and simple-minded, whilst his wife had ingrafted on an equal artlessness and *naivete* of manner a degree of acuteness of perception and shrewdness of remark, which rendered her one of the most amusing companions in the county, and, added to her excellences as a baker, had no small effect in alluring to her shop the few customers whose regular payments enabled her to bear up against the many who never paid at all. For my own part,—who am somewhat of a character-studier by profession, and so complete a bread-fancier that every day in the week shall have its separate loaf, from the snowy French roll of Monday to the unsifted home-made of Saturday at e'en,—I had a double motive for frequenting Martha's bakehouse, at which I had been for some years a most punctual visitor and purchaser until last spring and summer, when first a long absence, then a series of honoured guests, then the pressure of engrossing operations, then the weather, then the roads, and at last the having broken through the habit of going thither, kept me for many months from my old and favourite haunt, the venerable Court.

So long had been my absence, that the hedgerows, in which the woodbine was at my last visit just putting forth its hardy bluish leaves, and the elder making its earliest shoots, were now taking their deepest and dingiest hue, enlivened only by garlands of the traveller's joy, the briony and the wild-vetch; that the lowly primrose and creeping violet were succeeded by the tall mallows and St. John's-worts, and the half-seeded stalks of the foxglove; and the beans, which the women were then planting, men and boys were now about to cut; in a word, the budding spring was succeeded by the ripe and plenteous autumn, when, on a lovely harvest afternoon, I at length visited Allonby.

The day, although exquisitely pleasant, had been rather soft than bright, and was now closing in with that magical effect of the evening light which lends a grace to the commonest objects, and heightens in an almost incredible degree the beauty of those which are already beautiful. Flowers are never so glorious as in the illusive half-hour which succeeds the setting of the sun; it is at that period, that a really fine piece of natural scenery is seen to most advantage. I paused for a moment before entering Martha's territory, the shop, to look at the romantic grounds of Allonby, all the more picturesque from their untrained wildness; and on the turfy terrace beyond the fishing-house, and just at the entrance of that dark avenue of leafy lime-trees and firs, whose huge straight stems shone with a subdued and changeful splendour, now of a purplish hue, and now like dimmer brass,—just underneath the two foremost trees, strongly relieved by the deep shadow, stood a female figure, graceful and perfect as was ever fancied by poet or modelled by sculptor. Her white dress had all the effect of drapery, and her pure and colourless complexion, her flaxen ringlets almost as pale as the swan-like neck around which they fell, her fair hand shading her eyes, and the fixed attention of her attitude as she stood watching some of Martha's chickens at play upon the grass, gave her more the look of an alabaster statue than of a living breathing woman. I never saw grace so unconscious yet so perfect; I stood almost as still as herself to look at her, until she broke, or I should rather say changed the spell, by walking forward to the children, and added the charm of motion to that of symmetry. I then turned to Martha, who was watching my absorbed attention with evident amusement, and, without giving me time to ask any questions, answered my thoughts by an immediate exclamation, "Ah, ma'am, I knew you'd like to look at Lucy Charlton! Many a time I've said to my master, ''tis a pity that madam has not seen our Lucy! she'd be so sure to take a fancy to her!' And now she's going away, poor thing! That's the way things fall out, after the time, as one may say. I knew she'd take your fancy."

"Her name is Lucy Charlton, then?" replied I, still riveting my eyes on the lovely, airy creature before me, who, shaking back the ringlets from her fair face with a motion of almost infantine playfulness, was skimming along the bank to meet the rosy, laughing children.—"And who may Lucy Charlton be?"

"Why, you see, ma'am, her mother was my husband's first cousin. She lived with old Lady Lynnere as housekeeper, and married the butler; and this is the only child. Both father and mother died, poor thing! before she was four years old, and Lady Lynnere brought her

up quite like a lady herself; but now she is dead, and dead without a will, and her relations have seized all, and poor Lucy is come back to her friends. But she won't stay with them, though," pursued Mrs. Clewer, half testily; "she's too proud to be wise; and instead of staying with me and teaching my little girls to sew samplers, she's going to be a tutoress in some foreign parts beyond sea—Russia I think they call the place—going to some people whom Lady Lynnere knew, who are to give her a salary, and so hinder her from being a burthen to her relations, as she's goose enough to say—as if we could feel her little expenses; or, say we did—as if we would not rather go with half a meal than part with her, sweet creature as she is! and to go to that cold country and come back half frozen, or die there and never come back at all! Howsomever," continued Martha, "it's no use bemoaning ourselves now; the matter's settled—her clothes are all aboard ship, her passage taken, and I'm to drive her to Portsmouth in our little shay-cart to-morrow morning. A sorrowful parting 'twill be for her and the poor children, merry as she is trying to seem at this minute. I dare say we shall never see her again, for she is but delicate, and there's no putting old heads upon young shoulders; so instead of buying good warm stuffs and flannels, cloth cloaks and such things to fence her pretty dear self against the cold, she has laid out her little money in light summer gear, as if she was going to stay in England and be married this very harvest: and now she'll go abroad and catch her death, and we shall never set eyes on her again." And the tears, which during her whole speech had stood in Martha's eyes, fairly began to fall.

"Oh, Mrs. Clewer! you must not add to the natural pain of parting by such a fancy as that; your pretty cousin seems slight and delicate, but not unhealthy. What should make you suppose her so?"

"Why, ma'am, our young doctor, Mr. Edward Foster, (you know how clever he is!) was attending my master this spring for the rheumatism, just after Lucy came here. She had a sad cough, poor thing! when she first arrived, caught by sitting up o'night's with old Lady Lynnere; and Mr. Edward said she was a tender plant and required nursing herself. He came to see her every day for two months, and quite set her up, and would not take a farthing for his pains; and I did think—and so did my master, after I told him—But, howsomever, that's all over now, and she's going away to-morrow morning."

"What did you think?" inquired I, amused to find Edward Foster's affections the subject of speculation in Mrs. Clewer's rank of life,—"what did you say you thought of Mr. Foster, Martha?"

"Why to be sure, ma'am—people can't help their thoughts, you know,—and it did seem to me that he fancied her."

"You mean to say that you think Mr. Edward Foster liked your young relation—was in love with her?"

"To be sure I do, ma'am,—at least I did," continued Martha, correcting herself; "and so did my master, and so would anybody. He that has so much business used to come here every day, and stay two hours at a time, when, except for the pleasure of talking to her, there was no more need of his coming to Lucy than of his coming to me. Every day of his life he used to come; his very horse knew the place, and used to stop at the gate as natural as our old mare."

"And when she got well, did he leave off coming?"

"No, no! he came still, but not so often. He seemed not to know his own mind, and kept on dilly-dally, shilly-shally, and the poor thing pined and fretted, as I could see that was a watching her, though she never said a word to me of the matter, nor I to her; and then this offer to go to Russia came, and she accepted it, I do verily believe, partly to get as far from him as she could. Ah! well-a-day, it's a sad thing when young gentlemen don't know their own minds!" sighed the tender-hearted Mrs. Clewer;" "they don't know the grief they're causing!"

"What did he say when he heard she was going abroad?" asked I. "That intelligence might have made him acquainted with the state of his own affections."

"Lackaday, ma'am!" exclaimed Martha, on whom a sudden ray of light seemed to have broken, "so it might! and I verily believe to this hour he knows nothing of the matter! What a pity there's not a little more time! The ship sails on Saturday, and this is Thursday night! Let's look at the letter," pursued Martha, diving into her huge pockets. "I'm sure it said the ship Roebuck sailed on Saturday morning. Where can the letter be!" exclaimed Martha, after an unsuccessful hunt amidst the pincushions, needle-books, thread-cases, scissors, handkerchiefs, gloves, mittens, purses, thimbles, primers, tops, apples, buns, and pieces of gingerbread, with which her pockets were loaded, and making an especial search amongst divers odd-looking notes and memorandums, which the said receptacles contained. "Where can the letter be? Fetch your father, Dolly! Saddle the grey mare, Jem! I am going to have the toothache, and must see Mr. Foster directly. Tell Lucy I want to speak to her, Tom!—No; she shall know nothing about it—don't." And with these several directions to some of the elder children, who were by this time crowding about her, Martha bustled off, with her handkerchief held to her face, in total forgetfulness of myself, and of the loaf, which I had paid for but not received; and after vainly waiting for a few minutes, during which I got a nearer view of the elegant Lucy, and thought within myself how handsome a couple she and Mr. Foster would have made, and perhaps might still make, with admiration of her gracefulness, pity for her sorrows, and interest in her fate, I mounted my pony phæton and took my departure.

The next morning Martha, in her shay-cart,

(as she called her equipage,) appeared at our door, like an honest woman, with my loaf and a thousand apologies. Her face was tied up, as is usual in cases of toothache, and, though she did not, on narrow observation, look as if much ailed her,—for her whole comely face was radiant with happiness,—I thought it only courteous to ask what was the matter.

"Lord love you, ma'am, nothing!" quoth Martha; "only after you went away I rummaged out the letter, and found that the Roebuck did sail on Saturday as I thought, and that if I meant to take your kind hint, no time was to be lost. So I had the toothache immediately, and sent my master to fetch the doctor. It was lucky his being a doctor, because one always can send for them at a minute's warning, as one may say. So I sent for Mr. Edward to cure my toothache, and told him the news."

"And did he draw your tooth, Martha?"

"Heaven help him! not he! he never said a word about me or my aches, but was off like a shot to find Lucy, who was rambling about somewhere in the moonlight to take a last look of the old grounds. And it's quite remarkable how little time these matters take; for when I went out for a bit of a stroll half an hour afterwards, to see how the land lay, I came bolt upon them by accident, and found that he had popped the question, that she had accepted him, and that the whole affair was as completely settled as if it had been six months about. So Lucy stays to be married; and I am going in my shay-cart to fetch her trunks and boxes from Portsmouth. No need to fling them away, though we must lose the passage-money, I suppose; for all her silks and muslins, and trinkum-trankums, which I found so much fault with, will be just the thing for the wedding! To think how things come round!" added Martha, "And what a handy thing the toothache is sometimes! I don't think there's a happier person anywhere than I am at this minute,—except, perhaps, Lucy and Mr. Edward; and they are walking about making love under the fir-trees in the park.—*Miss Mitford.*

GLASGOW MALLEABLE IRON WORKS.

Iron, of all metals, is the most important and valuable, when we consider the innumerable uses to which it may be turned. The Buccaneers, when they plied their hateful avocation, and were honest enough to patronise the principle of barter, commanded every necessary on the strength of this article alone; the untutored Indians, with stores of hidden wealth under their feet, knew not how to barb their arrows properly without the aid of such foreigners as accident or the love of adventure threw in their way; and although they almost everywhere have made prodigious advances since Mr. Locke penned the following passage in his well-known "Essay on the Human Understanding," it is still unfortunately too applicable to the more benighted portions of the globe. "Whatever we think of our arts or improvements in this part of the world, where knowledge and plenty seem to vie with each other, were the use of iron lost among us, we should in a few ages be unavoidably reduced to the wants and ignorance of the ancient savage Americans; so that he who first made use of that apparently contemptible mineral, may be truly styled the father of arts, and the author of plenty."

These remarks may be pronounced strikingly just; and comparing times past with times present—the infancy of art with its growing maturity—we almost regret that so sagacious an observer did not survive to witness some of the wonders of the present century: such as three hundred furnaces in full operation, iron bridges swung across arms of the sea, boats built of the same material, locomotives rivalling the eagle's flight, and America, in place of an endless forest, a congeries of railroads, canals, turnpikes, harbours, cities, towns, and crowded streets of every description. In the absence of iron, the steam-engine and spinning-jenny, not to speak of many other inventions, would have been things in abeyance to the end of time—inventions, which fought and gained the battles of Europe, and are still equally useful in upholding the general peace of Europe, by conferring on a mere speck of the ocean a species of supremacy which is felt in the remotest quarters of the globe. Steel is simply carbonised iron; and but for both of these metals, where would be the commercial dignity of such places as Birmingham and Sheffield, the money circulated, the bread given to tens of thousands, the large sums drawn from foreign countries, which help to keep the exchange even, and above all, the prodigious additions made to the culinary and domestic comforts of almost every nation in the civilized world? Simond, the French-American traveller, who visited Birmingham more than a quarter of a century ago (March 1811), and of course weened a little of its present condition, whether as regards population or the improvements of machinery, gives the following vivid picture of what fell under his own observation: "In one place five hundred persons were employed in making plated ware of all sorts, toys, and trinkets. We saw there patent carriage steps, flying down and folding up of themselves as the door opens and shuts; chairs in walking-sticks, pocket umbrellas, extraordinary cheese toasters, and a multitude of other curious inventions. In another place, three hundred men produced ten thousand gun-barrels in a month: we saw a part of the process; enormous hammers wielded by a steam-engine of the power of one hundred and twenty horses, crushed in an instant red hot iron bars, and converted them into thin ribbons. In that state they are wrapped round a rod of iron, which determines the calibre. Bars of iron for different purposes, several inches in thickness, presented to the sharp jaws of gigantic scissors, moved also by the steam-engine, are clipped like paper. Iron wire, from an inch to the tenth of an inch, is spun out with as little effort, and less noise.

than cotton thread on the jennies. Large millstones, employed to polish metals, turn with so great a velocity as to fly sometimes to pieces by the mere centrifugal force. Streams of melted lead are poured into moulds of all sorts; and copper is spread into sheets for sheathing vessels, moved also by the steam-engine, like paste under the stick of the pastry-cook."

In 1740, the quantity of pig iron manufactured in England and Wales, the united product of fifty furnaces, merely amounted to seventeen thousand tons, or less than a fortieth part of the returns given for the year 1827, when the furnaces in Staffordshire, Shropshire, Wales, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Scotland, had increased to two hundred and eighty-four, and their product as near as may be to seven hundred thousand tons of pig iron. A very great increase has taken place in the iron trade during the nine years that have elapsed since that period. The demand for railroads has given a fillip to the manufacture, altogether unprecedented in its previous history. One company in the west of Scotland is talked of as having cleared, by the advance in the price of iron last year, £60,000, and in all probability still larger fortunes were made in Staffordshire and South Wales—counties which produce more of the mineral in question than all the other parts of Britain put together.

Until very lately, if we except a small work at Muirkirk (lately enlarged), the art of making malleable iron was little known in Scotland. The whole mass of wrought or bar iron, necessary for the promotion of the useful arts in Scotland, was imported from Staffordshire and South Wales; certainly a strange state of things, considering the natural capabilities of the country. To produce the base of all the irons, and their highest result—steel, three things are necessary—the ore itself, lime, and coal; and where, it may be asked, is the country, its size considered, in which minerals, leading to kindred results, are more obtainable, exhaustless, and abundant?* In transferring manufacturies from one part of the country to another, the difficulty often consists in constraining the initiated to become voluntary exiles from the land of their birth; but this difficulty the proprietors of the Glasgow Malleable Iron Works have fairly overcome, by the importation of as near as may be three hundred brawny workmen from Staffordshire and Wales. A beginning in this way has at length been made, and we have the authority of a most intelligent merchant for saying, that malleable iron works, whatever the scale may be, before the lapse of many years, will be established in almost every part of Scotland. Coal and lime are nearly universal, and the existence of these, apart from all other considerations, will lead to a diligent, and, we doubt not, a successful search for iron-stone, so soon as our countrymen become thoroughly familiarised with the practice of an art, which, in some of its departments, is positively sublime.

On entering the Glasgow iron works, our first feelings were those of surprise, not unmingled with a lurking sense or suspicion of danger. A high pressure steam-engine, in connection with the uses to which it is applied, affords a beautiful exemplification of the power of art in the wars she wages with inert matter; the removal of the solid mountains themselves seems almost within the range of its illimitable powers; the force exerted is oppressively tremendous—the motion concentrated, rapidity itself; the mechanician's, like the magician's wand, seems to have called fiends into existence it is unable to lay. Ample supplies of pig iron, coal, and char, are received by the Glasgow Iron Company by means of the Canal, which is situated immediately behind their works. The first process is that of refining, and, with a view to this, ore such as is used by the founders is put into the finery along with a due proportion of charcoal, and melted by means of a powerful blast. The roaring of the bellows is heard at a considerable distance, and the metal, when thoroughly boiled or melted, remains in the liquid state an hour and a half; it is then run into a cast-iron mould, and cooled as rapidly as possible, and receives, when this operation is finished, the name of refined metal. At this stage it is broken small, weighed into charges, and thrown into the puddling furnaces, where the conversion takes place from the state of cast to that of malleable iron. In these furnaces it is kept in a state of constant agitation for an hour and a quarter; two men attend each, and ply their iron *spurtles* so assiduously to prevent what a cottage cook would call "knots," that, but for the glow the interior presents, one might almost suppose them engaged in making porridge on a very large scale. There is a Scottish proverb to the effect "that it needs a lang-shanked spoon to sup wi' the deil," and the spurtles we speak of are so long and ponderous, that to wield them for half an hour with proper effect, requires bone and muscle of the first order. At one part of the process, the heat is so great, that the puddlers are compelled to cast aside their garments, and remain naked from the middle upwards; and such is the virtue that resides in puddling, that, but for the constant stirring, the fiery mass would, on removal, remain in much the same state it entered the furnace. The exact nature of the change which produces conversion is a secret unknown to the chemists themselves; but it seems clear that something is inhaled or evolved, which extracts from the iron its former brittleness, and imparts to it its future malleability. When the puddling has ceased, the metal in the furnace is rolled into balls, and in that state conveyed to the squeezers or hammers, by the operation of which it is rolled and cut into certain lengths for the convenience of the trade, and piled into heaps, from which it can at any ime be withdrawn, under the name of puddle

* In 1821, out of seven hundred thousand tons of iron made in Great Britain, only fifty-five thousand were made in Scotland. The quantity made in Scotland in 1835 was seventy-five thousand tons, being an increase of fifteen thousand tons in eleven years. It is probable that the quantity made at present, February 1837, is nearly double what was made in 1824.—*Ed.* C. E. J.

bar-iron. The next stage in the process of the manufacture of malleable iron is the heating furnace, where supplies from the piles just spoken of are brought to welding heat, tossed upon the floor near the rolling-mill, lifted by a brawny man, who is armed with an enormous pair of tongs; presented to the widest partition in the rollers; received by another strong workman on the opposite side; lifted and passed through the second opening; received as before; and, in short, zigzagged through every aperture of the ponderous rollers, "small by degrees and beautifully less," until the article is elongated into bars of iron of every varying length and thickness; or, in other words, such as we frequently see laid down at the warehouse doors of every furnishing ironmonger in the country. While the rolling process is in progress, a person, who stands beside the workmen, guages as they proceed, to preserve uniformity; and, this duty discharged, the bar is stamped with the company's seal, pared on the edges by enormous shears, straightened where the slightest bend appears, and consigned to the heap of finished goods, ready to be thrown on the general market. There is something highly imposing in the operations of the rolling-mill, and the truly muscular workmen who supply the hissing grist that feeds it. The lumps of burning metal presented to its acceptance are frequently of the weight of fifty, sixty, and seventy pounds; and though a little extra assistance is occasionally given, the masses spoken of are for the most part lifted leverwise—that is, by pincers—by a single individual; in passing the bars through the different compartments of the mill, not a single moment is lost, and but for the rests that occur at short intervals, and the beer that is imbibed to promote perspiration, it would be impossible to prosecute so exhausting an employment for the space of ten hours per day. When on the spot, we were lucky enough to see the great cauldron opened, which contained the molten pig-lead; and no man who has witnessed such a scene—however dissimilar or disproportionate the scale—can be at any loss to conceive the effects of a volcano.

So long as the complement of men at these works averages from two hundred and sixty to three hundred, the manager calculates that he will be able to produce fifteen tons of finished iron per week, including bars, bolt-rods, boiler-plate, angle-iron, sloops, railway-bars, railway carriage-wheel tyre, colliery tram-plates, &c., &c. As the wages of the workmen vary from £1 to £3 10s. per week, this head of expense of itself amounts to a round sum per annum, to say nothing of the raw material, fuel, charcoal, and various other items; and we suppose we do not exaggerate when we say that the capital embarked in the undertaking is not under £100,000 sterling. Two high-pressure engines impel the machinery, and wield between them the power of two hundred and thirty horses.—*Dumfries Courier.*

TURKISH FIREMEN.—The firemen of Constantinople are accused of sometimes discharging oil from their engines instead of water.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES II.

The greater part of the collection of pictures belonging to King Charles I. were dispersed in the troubles, among which were several by the Olivers. Charles II., who remembered and was desirous of recovering them, made inquiry about them after the restoration. At last he was told by one Rogers, of Isleworth, that both the father and son were dead, but that the son's widow was living at Isleworth, and had many of their works. The King went very privately and unknown with Rogers to see them. The widow showed several, finished and unfinished, with many of which the King being pleased, asked if she would sell them. She replied, "she had a mind the King should see them first, and if he did not purchase them, she should think of disposing of them." The King discovered himself; on which she produced some more pictures, which she seldom showed. The King desired her to set a price; she said, "she did not care to make a price with his Majesty, she would leave it to him; but promised to look over her husband's books, and let his Majesty know what prices his father the late King had paid." The King took away what he liked, and sent Rogers to Mrs. Oliver with the option of 1000*l.* or an annuity of 300*l.* for life; she chose the latter. Some years afterwards, it happened the King's mistresses having begged all or most of these pictures, Mrs. Oliver, who was, probably, a prude, and apt to express herself as such, said, on hearing it, that "if she had thought the King would have given them to such persons, he never should have had them." This reached the Court; the poor woman's salary was stopped, and she never recovered it afterwards. Imprudent, however, as it was for the good woman to express herself so freely on the occasion, it was certainly very unbecoming a monarch to stoop so low, as to show his resentment by a flagrant act of dishonour.—*Mirror.*

"BUT WOULD THEY COME?"—Alderman Johnson says, that it would be absurd to make duelling punishable in a severe manner, for in case of a disturbance no one would dare to call out the authorities.—*Pasquin.*

A TOPER'S IDEA OF TEMPERANCE.—"Temperance is a great virtue, therefore be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Six glasses of sling before breakfast are as good as a thousand."

A HIGHLANDMAN PUZZLED.—A drover, fresh from the land of heather, whose knowledge of the sea, and of its ebb and flow, was confined to one grand idea of its magnitude, arrived the other day at the Craig Pier, with a flock of sheep, intending to cross over to Fife. It being low water and the boat already well-laden, the captain told him he must wait the next hour, as he was afraid he should not have water enough to float from the pier. "Water enuff," quoth John Highlandman, with the utmost amazement, "Och, man! if ye dinna hae water enuff in the muckle sea, far wad ye get it than?"—*Dundee Courier.*

TO ——.

I love thee—I love thee!
'Tis all that I can say;
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day:
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray.
I love thee—I love thee,
Is all that I can say!

I love thee—I love thee!
Is ever on my tongue;
In all my proudest poesy
That chorus still is sung;
It is the verdict of my eyes
Amidst the gay and young:
I love thee—I love thee,
A thousand maids among.

I love thee—I love thee!
Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon thy lips,
Whose tender tones entrance;
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs,
That still these words enhance:
I love thee—I love thee,
Whatever be thy chance!

T. Hood.

FLOWERS.

I will not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun:
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one!

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheek of tender red!

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me—
And the daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom 's betrothed to the bee,
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For the fairest of all is she!

T. Hood.

SONG.

I wrote my name upon the sand;
I thought I wrote it on thine heart.
I had no touch of fear that words—
Such words, so graven, could depart.
The sands, thy heart, alike have lost
The name I trusted to their care;
And passing waves, and worldly thoughts,
Effaced what once was written there.

Woe, for the false sands; and worse woe
That thou art falsest of the twain!
I yet may write upon the sands,
But never on thine heart again!

L. E. L.

SONG.

Swiftly I sail from my own fair land,
Across the bright blue sea,
Whilst, on the beach waves the lessening hand,
Which speaks farewell to me:
The sparkling billows around me play,
And bear me on their foam;
But a voice, from afar, cries "Wanderer! stay
Near the hearth of thy ancient home!"

My bark is bound to a distant clime,
Myself to a foreign shore:
And oft will fall the foot of time
Ere mine press England more;
Brightly—brightly we sail o'er the sea;
Swiftly the light gales blow;
Dimly the white cliffs glide from me—
Farewell! to friend and foe!

Miss M. G. Lewis.

(From the Spanish.)

They say that Love with arms like these
Has conquered mightiest Deities;
They say that, from thy shafts and bow,
Heaven and earth are full of woe:
Knowing this, it is not much
If I think thy words, too, such
As will end in anguish;—I
Am a girl, and dare not try!

Thousands of that murder tell,
Which O, poor Thisbe knew too well!
Thousands cry shame upon thy spleen
To the fair Carthaginian queen!
Seeing, then, thy fame is such,
I have fears the bow to touch;
Say'st thou it will please me?—I
Am a girl, and dare not try!

'Tis not in my fancy, Love,
Thy afflicting cares to prove;
Thy deceits, thy jealousies,
Silent tears, or secret sighs;
No! If I can help it, never
Shalt thou catch me, young deceiver—
Twanging thy strange bow-string.—I
Am a girl, and dare not try!

'Twixt Wit and Wisdom Beauty sat—
Both strove to win her favour:
Wit gaily talked of this and that,
But Wisdom's tone was graver.
The first her ear with trifles took;
The second, to advise her,
Said—"Take a page from Reason's book,
And grow a little wiser."

"Not now, kind sage," returned the maid,
"For though I'm fond of reason,
'Tis much like venison, which, 'tis said.
Is only good—in season.
I must not take the leaf, kind sage—
You'll need its consolation;
And I have here a *single Page*
That better suits th' occasion."

A LAST CENTURY CHARACTER.

It is curious to look back from the present comparatively sober age to the latter part of the last century, when the vice of intemperance prevailed even in the highest classes of society in Edinburgh, as the following notice of Lord Newton, from one of the lately published numbers of "Kay's Portraits," sufficiently testifies:

"The extraordinary judicial talents and social eccentricities of Lord Newton, one of the judges in the Court of Session, are the subjects of numerous anecdotes. On the bench he frequently indulged in a degree of lethargy not altogether in keeping with the dignity of the long-robe, and which, to individuals unacquainted with his habits, might well seem to interfere with the proper discharge of his duties. On one occasion, while a very zealous but inexperienced counsel was pleading before him, his lordship had been dozing, as usual, for some time—till at last the young man, supposing him asleep, and confident of a favourable judgment in his case, stopped short in his pleading, and addressing the other lords on the bench, said, 'My lords, it is unnecessary, that I should go on, as Lord Newton is fast asleep.' 'Ay, ay,' cried Newton, whose faculties were not in the least affected, 'you will have proof of that by and bye,' when, to the astonishment of the young advocate, after a most luminous review of the case, he gave a very decided and elaborate judgment against him.

Lord Newton participated deeply in the bacchanalian propensities so prevalent among lawyers of every degree, during the last and beginning of the present century. He has been described as one of the 'profoundest drinkers of his day. A friend informs us that, when dining alone, his lordship was very abstemious; but when in the company of his friends, he has frequently been known to put three 'lang-craigs,' or bottles of claret with long necks, under his belt, with scarcely the appearance of being affected by it. On one of these occasions he dictated to his clerk a law-paper of sixty pages, which has been considered one of the ablest his lordship had ever been known to produce. The manuscript was sent to press without being read, and the proof sheets were corrected at the bar of the Inner House in the morning.

It has been stated that Lord Newton often spent the night in all manner of convivial indulgences—drove home about seven o'clock in the morning—slept two hours, and mounting the bench at the usual time, showed himself perfectly well qualified to perform his duty. Simond, the French traveller, relates that 'he was quite surprised, on stepping one morning into the Parliament House, to find in the dignified capacity, and exhibiting all the dignified bearing of a judge, the very gentleman with whom he had just spent a night of debauch, and parted only an hour before, when both were excessively intoxicated.' His lordship was also exceedingly fond of card-playing; so much so, that it was humorously remarked, 'Cards were his profession, and the law only his amusement.'

During the sitting of the session, Lord Newton, when an advocate, constantly attended a club once a-week, called 'The *Crochallan* Fencibles,' which met in Daniel Douglas's Tavern, Anchor Close, and consisted of a considerable number of literary men and wits of the very *first water*. The club assumed the name of *Crochallan* from the burthen of a Gaelic song, which the landlord used sometimes to entertain the members with; and they chose to name their association *Fencibles*, because several military volunteer corps in Edinburgh then bore that appellation. In this club all the members held some pretended military rank or title. On the introduction of new members, it was the custom to treat them at first with much apparent rudeness, as a species of initiation, or trial of their tempers and humours; and when this was done with prudence, Lord Newton was much delighted with the joke, and he was frequently engaged in drilling the recruits in this way. His lordship held the appointments of Major and Muster-Master-General to the corps. The late Mr. Smellie introduced the poet Burns to this corps in January 1787, when Lord Newton and he were appointed to drill the bard, and they accordingly gave him a most severe castigation. Burns showed his good humour by retaliating in an extemporaneous effusion, descriptive of Mr. Smellie, who held at that time the honourable office of *hangman* to the corps.

The eccentricities of Nord Newton were frequently a source of merriment amongst his friends. He had an unconquerable antipathy to punning, and in order to excite the uneasiness he invariably exhibited at all attempts of that nature, they studiously practised this novel species of punishment in his company.

Lord Newton, when an advocate, continued to wear the gown of Lockhart, "Lord Covington," till it was in tatters, and at last had a new one made with a fragment of the neck of the original sewed into it, whereby he could still make it his boast that he wore 'Covington's gown.' Lord Covington died in 1782, in the eighty-second year of his age. He practised for upwards of half a century at the bar previous to his elevation to the bench in 1775. He and his friend Ferguson of Pitfour rendered themselves conspicuous by becoming voluntary counsel for the unfortunate prisoners tried at Carlisle in 1746 for their concern in the rebellion, and especially by the ingenious means they devised to shake the wholesale accusations against them.

Lord Newton was an uncompromising Whig. From his independent avowal of principles, and occasional vehement declamation against measures which he conceived to be wrong, he was dubbed by his opponents the 'Mighty Goth.' This, however, was only in the way of good-natured banter: no man, perhaps, passed through life with fewer enemies, even among those who were his political opponents. All bore testimony to his upright conduct as a judge, to his talents as a lawyer, and to his honesty as a man.

Lord Newton died at Powrie, in Forfarshire,

on the 19th of October 1811. His lordship, who is understood not to have relished female society, was never married; and the large fortune which he left was inherited by his only sister, Mrs. Hay Mudie, for whom he always entertained the greatest affection."

AN OLD ITALIAN STORY.

Messire Barnabas, the sovereign of Milan, was feared beyond any other prince of his time. Yet, though extremely cruel, he observed in his severities a species of justice, of which the following anecdote may serve as an illustration:—A certain rich abbot, who had the care of his dogs, having suffered two of them to get the mange, was fined four florins for his negligence. He begged very hard to be let off, on which the duke said to him, "I will remit you the fine on condition that you answer me the three following questions:—1. How far is it to the sky? 2. How much water is in the sea? 3. What am I worth?" The abbot's heart sunk within him on hearing these propositions, and he saw that he was in a worse case than ever. However, to get rid of the matter for the present, he begged time for consideration, and the duke gave him the whole of the next day; but, desirous of seeing how he would get out of the difficulty, he compelled him to give security for his reappearance.

As the abbot was returning home, in melancholy mood, he met a man who rented a mill under him. The miller seeing him thus cast down, said "What is the matter, sir? what makes you sigh so?" "I may well sigh," replied the abbot, "for his highness threatens to play the deuce with me if I do not answer three questions, which neither Solomon nor Aristotle could solve;" and he told the miller what they were. The latter stood thoughtful for a few minutes, and then said, "If you will have a mind I will get you out of the scrape." "I heartily wish you could!" exclaimed the abbot, "there is nothing I have that I would not give you." "I am willing to leave that to you," said the miller, "but it will be necessary that you lend me your tunic and cowl. I must get myself shaved, and make myself as much like an abbot as I can." To this his reverence joyfully consented, and the next morning the miller, having transformed himself into a priest, set out for the palace.

The duke, surprised that the abbot should be ready so early, ordered him to be admitted; and the miller having made his reverence, placed himself as much in the dark as he could and kept fumbling about his face with his hand, to prevent his being recognised. The duke then asked him if he was ready to answer the queries that he had put to him? to which he replied in the affirmative. "Your highness's first question," said he, "was, 'How far is it from hence to the sky?' I answer thirty-six millions, eight hundred and fifty-four thousand, seventy-two miles and a half, and twenty-two yards." "You have made a nice calculation," said the duke; "but how do you prove it?" "If you think it incorrect," said the other, "*measure it yourself*, and if you do not find it right, hang me."

Your second question, 'How much water is there in the sea?' has given me a good deal of trouble, because, as there is always some coming into it, or going out of it, it is scarcely possible to be exact; however, according to the nearest estimate I have been able to make, the sea holds twenty-five thousand nine hundred and eighty-two millions of hogsheads, seven barrels, twelve quarts, two pints." "How can you possibly tell?" said the duke. "I have taken all the pains I could," replied the other; "but if you have any doubt about the matter, *get a sufficient number of barrels*, and you will then see.

Thirdly, you demanded, 'How much your highness was worth?' I answer nine-and twenty shillings.

When Messire Barnabas heard this, he flew into a furious passion, and said, "a murrain take you, do you hold me in no higher estimation than a pottage-pot?" "Sire," replied the other, trembling all over, "you know our Lord was sold for thirty pieces of silver, and I thought that I must take you at one less than him." The shrewdness of the man's replies convinced the duke that he was not the abbot; and looking steadfastly at him, he charged him with being an impostor. The miller, greatly frightened, fell on his knees, and begged for mercy, stating that he was a servant of the abbot, and had undertaken the scheme at his request, solely with a view to entertain his highness. Messire Barnabas, hearing this, exclaimed, "Since he has himself made you an abbot, and a better one than ever he was, I confirm the appointment, and invest you with his benefice: as you have taken his place, he shall take yours." This was actually done; and as long as he lived, the miller received the revenue of the abbey, and the abbot was obliged to content himself with that of the mill. And so the abbot turned miller and the miller abbot.

The novelist concludes with remarking, that, notwithstanding the miller's good fortune it is seldom safe to take liberties with great men; they are like the sea, which, if it gives the chance of great wealth, exposes also to great peril; and that, however a man may be favoured by the weather for a time, he is always in danger of being wrecked by a storm.

RECIPE FOR MAKING A PHYSICIAN.

The following *jeu d' esprit* was written by the ingenious Paul Whitehead to his friend Dr. Thompson, at that time Physician to Frederick Prince of Wales—a man of wit, learning, and liberality; but so great a sloven that he seldom had his shoes cleaned, which he generally bought at a Yorkshire warehouse, wore them till his feet came through the leather, then shook them off at the same place, and purchased a new pair. And thus he did with all his other habiliments:—

"Let not the soil of a preceding day be ever seen on your linen; since your enemies will be apt to impute it rather to an unhappy scarcity of shirts, than to any philosophical negligence in the wearer of them.

"Let not father Time's dilapidations be discovered in the ragged ruins of your garments; and be particularly careful that no more holes appear in your stockings than the weaver intended; that your shoes preserve the symmetry of two heels: and that your galligaskins betray no poetical insignia; for it will be generally concluded that he has very little to do with the repair of others' constitutions, who is unable to preserve that of his own apparel.

"Let your wig always swell to the true college dimensions; and as frequently as possible let the Apothecary bob give way to the Graduate tie; for, what notable recommendation the head often receives from the copiousness of its furniture, the venerable full-bottoms of the bench may determine.

"Thus dressed, let your chariot be always ready to receive you; nor be ever seen trudging the streets with an Herculean oak, and bemired to the knees; since an equipage so unsuitable to a sick lady's chamber, will be apt to induce a belief that you have no summons thither.

"Forbear to haunt cook-shops, hedge-alehouses, cyder-cellars, &c. and to display your oratory in those inferior regions; for, however this may agree with your philosophical character, it will by no means enhance your physical one.

"Never stay telling a long story in a coffeehouse, when you may be writing a short recipe in a patient's chamber; and prudently consider, that the first will cost you sixpence, while the last will gain you a guinea.

"Never go out in the morning without leaving word where you may be met with at noon; never depart at noon without letting it be known where you may be found at night; for the sick are apt to be peevish and impatient; and remember that suffering a patient to want you is the ready way for you to want a patient.

"Be mindful of all messages, punctual to all appointments, and let but your industry equal your abilities: then shall your physical persecutors become abashed, and the legions of Warwick Lane and Blackfriars shall not be able to prevail against you."

Indian Jugglers.—A man who, in 1828, seated himself in the air without any apparent support, excited as much interest and curiosity as the automaton chess-player who astonished all Europe a few years ago; drawings were exhibited in all the Indian papers, and various conjectures formed respecting the secret of his art, but no very satisfactory discovery was made of the means by which he effected an apparent impossibility. The bodies of the Madras jugglers are so lithe and supple, as to resemble those of serpents rather than men. An artist of this kind will place a ladder upright on the ground, and wind himself in and out through the rungs until he reaches the top, descending in the same manner, keeping the ladder, which has no support whatever, in a perpendicular position. Some of the most accomplished tumblers will spring over an enormous elephant, or five camels placed abreast; and in rope-dancing they are not to be out-done by any of the wonders of Sadler's Wells. Swallowing the sword is a common operation, even by those who are not considered to be the most expert; and they have various other exploits with naked weapons, of a most frightful nature. A woman—for females are quite equal to the men in these kinds of feats—will dip the point of a sword in some black pigment; the hilt is then fixed firmly in the ground, and after a few whirls in the air, the artiste takes off a portion of the pigment with her eye-lid. A sword and four daggers are placed in the ground, with their edges and points upwards, at such distance from each other as to admit of a man's head between them; the operator then plants a scimitar firmly in the ground, sits down behind it, and at a bound throws himself over the scimitar, pitching his head exactly in the centre between the daggers, and, turning over, clears them and the sword. Walking over the naked edges of sabres seems to be perfectly easy; and some of these people will stick a sword in the ground, and step upon the point in crossing over it. A more agreeable display of the lightness and activity, which would enable the performers to tread over flowers without bending them, is shown upon a piece of thin linen cloth stretched out slightly in the hands of four persons, which is traversed without ruffling it, or forcing it from the grasp of the holders. The lifting of heavy weights with the eye-lids is another very disgusting exhibition. Some of the optical deceptions are exceedingly curious, and inquirers are till this day puzzled to guess how plants and flowers can be instantaneously produced from seeds.—*Miss Roberts's Hindostan.*

Old Parr.—Thomas Parr lived to the extraordinary age of 152 years. He was of the county of Salop, born anno 1483. He lived in the reigns of ten princes, viz.—Edward IV., King Edward V., King Richard III., King Henry VII., King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elisabeth, King James, and King Charles; was buried in Westminster Abbey, November 15, 1636.

Yeoman.—This title was formerly one of more dignity than now commonly belongs to it. It signified, originally, a *Yewman*, so called from bearing the bow in battle, bows being made of *yew*. Hence, a Yeoman was, at first, of at least equal consequence with an Esquire, or shield-bearer; and, as a proof of this, we have even now—Yeomen of the crown, Yeomen of the guards, Yeomen of the chamber, &c.—all persons of the first rank.—*Mirror.*

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